ciation sent two to see just what nce the clairvoyoner in the West

a trance right in at her, but Magis-exhibition would clined. of the detectives. of the detectives, the clairvoyant's reading. Mme. I want into the east bit of trouble. Said: "You think that isn't so. It we pains in your large dizzy. What large quantities

large quantities dd more than for Reeves. "What

d told her to take Miss Sadie Dyck-proborated Mrs.

detectives were nt that her spirit-ed her patients. urt you to go to Bellevue and let fagistrate Pool. Special Sessions.

HAMILTON. Ivania for Trial.

Division. o was arrested adition warrant request of Gov vania, but who through habeas return to Penne, under a unaniesterday by the ilton is charged 1904, by fraud and rsement of the ory notes for the order of o of New York. esented that he w York firm and ent. The indict-w the firm to be

he mill company Dugro discharged the Pennsylvania The Appellate g Hamilton te Commissione harge of the pris-says the court, to have been full

DANCES.

e Given by Mr. and 1 East Sixty-ninth twin daughters. eived the guests hite roses. Danc-

Quinze ballroom, midnight in the The cotillon after-Holbrook Betts, upper was served, best known per-

ekerbocker dances last night at Del-ge and brilliant. nal, and for those there were tables

EFFICIENCY. for It-Special

is taking steps quad under comr O'Brien, with tation at Twentyhe Commissioner t work. He adds: Broadway and Forty-seventh et with bicycle The worst autobetween 4 and

USE BARRED. the Monks' Old

New Name. ited recently by United States le in this country bottles with the onks of La Grande hen the French onks of La Grande also appropriated of the Chartreuse of the Thartench contend that the They are manu Tarragona, Spain Peres Chartreux

CLUB HOUSE. irian and C. O'D.

sed from Adrian d Knickerbocker Forty-fifth street

by F. de R. Wiss-L. It has not been the purchasers ty. The building tan Athletic Club, was occupied by etic Club, which g is said to have

G CAVES IN. ough at Broadway mie Tied Up. d for half an hour ock in the afternoon

east across Fulton planking covering way and the truck ning, blocking the Broadway cars. street level. Two

for New Academy the Philharmonio raise \$50,000 for to be constructed matter was disib Mrs. Andrew raised \$812,700. 1 \$50,000 to that ted a music hall by contributions

NEW BOOKS.

Lady Century's Mother. The mother of the heroine of Mrs. A. G. Kintzel's story of "Lady Century" (Broadto divert him from an ungenerous purpose. She said to him quite plainly: "I do not object to living with you, sir, but it must be as your wife. No other arrangement

There was some debate upon the point in the course of which he slowly yielded. Toward the last the facts were as follows. Old Mr. Payne speaks:

"She hesitated a moment, then she kissed

him.
"'Gad, that was sweet! Put your arms around my neck now." "She looked deep into his eyes, then she put her arms around his neck.

 'Century, girl, I'm going to marry you. I can't give you up after that kiss and hug." *Century put both arms around his neck and kissed him voluntarily."

It will be observed that she also was called Century. The name had been in the family for generations. This marriage enabled her to become a great singer comfortably. Later there came into her life the disturbing experience that the French call the large passion. The story sets these things forth with admirable concisenass. We read:

"Tom Payne married her, and she made her way to the top of the profession. He was proud of her and very happy with her; and when he died, four years later, he left ber all his money. Century was now a very rich woman, but she did not leave the stage. For two years she lived for her art only-and then she met Rufus Nichols. the leading tenor. One look into the alluring black eyes, and she gave rein to the irrestible ardor till now dormant within her. Rufus at first scarce noted her presence, but when, in the course of an emotional play, he approached her in the character of a lover, it was as fire to fire. He loved her as madly as she loved him."

Alas! that circumstances' should have prevented this passion from being quite beautiful. "Nothing but misery," says the story, "could result from such a love. Rufus Nichols was a married man. He had a lovely young wife and a little son, and their home had been a happy one till now." Century sprained her ankle, and Rufus called on her at her home. "Century received him in the drawing room of her palatial residence. She was sitting on a cushioned chair, her injured foot resting on a pillow. Her face flushed when he stood before her. and his face grew pale as death at the sight. A few conventional inquiries as to her progress toward recovery elicited the information that three more weeks would elapse ere she could use her foot."

Rufus arose to go. Century regarded him tenderly and burst into tears. In an instant he "had lost his last spark of honor" and was at her feet-being duly cautious, we trust, not to disturb her injured ankle. "Century stopped abruptly and wiped her 'Think of your wife and little boy,'

she whispered, hoarsely. " 'Oh, God, do not speak of them to me!' he begged. 'I am a villain, Century-a villain and a God-forsaken w. etch! When I left her last she put her arms about me, and her trusting blue eyes looked into mine as she anxiously wondered why I am getting so careworn and thin; and I, Century, could see nothing but your eyes. My boy climbed to my knee and begged me to stay with come to vou!"

come here any more.' " He came again, and his wife followed him. "A cold, sweet voice-the voice of Edith Nichols." addressed the enamored pair quite unexpectedly. Mrs. Nichols declared, among other things, that she had no further use for her husband. Then

"Century looked at her a long time. 'Will you accept a sum of money for him?' she

" 'He is not worth a great deal!' Edith answered, with flashing eyes and tensedrawn lips.

'I will give you fifty thousand dollars for him. Will you accept it?" Some further things were said, and then this remarkable transaction was actually agreed upon. Rufus's brother, Roy, was to come for the money. We read further, Mrs. Nichols speaking as she takes her

" Never come back to me, Rufus Nichols! I will never forgive you! And you-thief that you are!-you shall live to regret the day you ever met him-as I regret it!'
"'You must not call her thief,' Rufus remonstrated. 'She is buying from you

what you are willing to sell.' "Edith vouchsafed him no answer.

'You need not trouble yourself to that extent.' Edith sneered. :I will send Roy to collect the money for me. I can still trust his brother," and so saying she walked

"Her heart was nearly broken when she

reached her home.' Rufus was purchased. He belonged to Century. Were they happy? We need only to turn the leaf to learn whether they were or not. Little Century was born. We

"One day the little one had just articu lated 'Da-da,' to the delight of her father who took her up in his arms and covered her with kisses. 'Is she not a sweet thing ! Century" he said to his wife. 'I love her so much, the darling, and she is growing more like you day by day; she has not one

your love from mel' her down, but her mother tore her from child at her, and taking hold of her husband drew him forcibly out to the garden.

"He was dazed at her behavior." It will be seen that the mother of our heroine was jealous. She was steeped further along. One night a lady threw a bouquet of orchids on the stage to Rufus. She was "Miss Jamison, the millionaire's daughter." Century picked up the flowers, abstracted from them a note, and threw piece. them back to Miss Jamison, who "grew pale and left her box immediately." There

can be no question that the note was scandalhas bewitched me, and I love you. Come to me to my house to-morrow afternoon and let me show you what a woman can do

or the man she loves."

Laxative Brome Quinine, the world wide Cold and Grip remedy, removes the cause. Call for the full pame and look for agnature of E. W. Grove. 25c. —.44s. for the man she loves."

wrote a note to Miss Jamison's father, and that that bold young lady came to the theatre no more. Rufus died of a pulmonary trouble shortly after this incident. In his last illness he called his brother Roy to way Publishing Company) has seemed to him and whispered; "My wife drinks." is quite as interesting as the heroine her- He arranged that the discarded Edith salf. The beroine's mother married for should have the care of the child. To his money at the age of 15. Old Mr. Payne wife he said: "You know you are not had thought to cajole her. He had pur-posed to make her his without observing The story says: "The guilty woman hung the legalities and the decent conventions. her head. 'It is your fault, Rufus, if I try His own kind heart made it possible for her to drown my sorrows,' she said." But it was not really Rufus's fault. The habit was inherited. The story goes on, of course. It has afforded us a very definite gratification.

> In Celebration of a Kitten. The pictures in Oliver Herford's little brok, "The Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten" (Charles Scribner's Sons), are effective and amusing. The kitten looks as it should

as it eyes the early bird that has caught the worm; as it plays with the ball; as it watches for mice; as it seeks to make clear the mystery of the looking glass, and as it does things besides. The verses are hardly as successful as the pictures. One of the kitten's observations runs:

The mouse makes merry 'mid the Larder Shelves. The Bird for Dinner in the Garden delves. I often wonder what the creatures eat

One-half so toothsome as they are Themselves. If all the verses were even as good as these we should be glad to tell it. There are thirty-odd pictures, each with accom-

Recent Books of Verse. "Interludes" is the poetical title chosen for a little book of verses written by Philip Becker Goetz and printed by Richard G Badger. The purpose and aim of this small volume, which is dedicated to the author's wife, may perhaps be gathered to quotation: from the introductory poem entitled "The

Garden," which announces: I sowed a garden in the air. For earth was full of death; I hung it in a clime most rare here stars might give it breath

I mave it the tears I never shed. The kisses I dared not own; Upon my secret soul it fed And I knew joys unknown. But e'en mine eye is far too weak To follow where they fall; My flowers it were vain to seek. They drop to the lifted call.

Maybap I in an allen land
Shall find my blossoms there—
Some undreamed girl, with happy hand Bind my roses in her hair.

"The undreamed girl," if she is young, would probably select one of the little songs with which the book abounds as her fa-

Not that I miss the love you gave Ask I the spoken word-Bird of the bough may bind the soul

I know not the whence and the why.

But only this is clear: How sweet the old confessing strain. Just this. "I love you dear! That is the sort of tangible thing girls

like, but there are sterner themes for older book and interpreted to the satisfaction of the reader.

Mr. J. R. Newell has written a little volume of verses called "Poems and Songs," which starts off with a Macaulay accent and a martial ring in a collection of patriotic odes and songs to Queen Victoria, King Edward VII., "the Duke and Duchess of York" and "all the royal family"; pays tribute to the heroes of the South African war, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava and other distinguished members of the British peerage and sbining lights in Canadian politics, and finally concludes in a lyrical outburst modelled after the style of Moore them just on day longer-my dear little and often written with the Irish brogue one, Century—and I had to refuse him to

Richard G. Badger should have published

Another little book of verses is also publishedby this friend of unknown poets, Richard G. Badger, under the title of "Pebbles from the Shore." It is a very good title. It adequately describes the verse E. H. Kimball has written about the worthy New England people he has endeavored to immortalize in song. In fact, the title is about the only symbolic and poetical thing in the book. The verses are verily the plain prose pebbles which litter the shore of the great sea of literature, which any one may pick up by hundreds, but which no one values. They are better left there on the shore, out of the way. The author has evidently studied the science of poetry and evolved for himself the theory that all that is re-

quired to give a thought poetical form to say it backward. "Fleeting Fancies" is a little volume of verses dedicated "To Clarinda," which originally appeared in the Milwaukee Sentinel, from the pen of William F. Kirk, and are now collected and republished in book form by Richard G. Badger. Nothing could be said that so adequately describes these verses, composed apparently with haste and without any ardent poetical feeling 'I will ring for my check book,' Century or lofty ambition, and written on any subject from "Incidental Expenses" and 'Shov'lin' Snow" to a Swedish parody of "Horatius at the Bridge," as the author's

own verses entitled "In Limerick Land." In Limerick land the rhymester strays Like a happy child o'er flower strewn ways, He spurns the sonnet, the stately ode. The ballads, the musical villanelle: His Pegasus gallops along the road And the ragtime ring of a tinkling bell Floats through the air on every hand in laughing, lilting Limerick land. It is never a resonant ring The ring of the song that we sing: It ripples along, A quaint little song, And the subject is any old thing.

Mr. Kirk may write a poem some day, but he evidently hasn't any intention of doing it now, and will be more surprised than any one else if he does.

"Treasured Thoughts," by Jeffle Forbush of my features. Come and kiss her, the | Hanaford is a small volume of sentimental verses which will no doubt be preserved Century walked over to him and slapped in the scrap albums of women who have the poor baby on its bare little neck. Put | never met with the great experiences of life. her down!' she stormed. 'She is stealing | and therefore have time to look after such things. The critic refrains from despoiling The little thing cried pitifully, and them of any latent charm they may possess Rufus tried to comfort her before he laid | for starving souls (feminine), in the same kindly spirit that one steps aside rather his arms and, ringing for her nurse, Poca- than tread on the rag baby that a child hontas Simpkins, she fairly threw the still loves. They are harmless little ditties about estranged lovers and "heart's mistakes," little children that die young or grow up and cause mourning in the hearts of their mothers. The first poem is entitled "The Curtain of Silence." We leave it in this vice, as the reader may learn a little drawn, and those who enjoy sentiment served up in rhyme can step in and feast undisturbed. The book is published by the Cast Publishing Company and has a signed portrait of the author for a frontis-

Frederic Laurence Knowles is a new poet whose work meets with hearty appreciation from critics of high rank, who pronounce him the legitimate successor of the *Rufus Nichols: Your beautiful voice group of great poets that gave New England her leadership in American letters fifty

COLDS CAUSE SORE THROAT.

PUBLICATIONS

DODD, MEAD & CO. **CLEARANCE** SALE

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vears ago. His new book, "Love Triumphant" is a collection of poems replete forceful vigor, despite their lyrical quality, gifted American singer. There is a touch of Rosetti in his poom on "Creation":

A flash of Will and a word of Power-Your body rose like a soft white flower! Winds went north and winds went south-Then grew the mystery of your mouth; Night leaned over her golden bars-Your Autr biew free like a cloud of stars. Dreams and a song and a sunrise sea-Your eyes looked out from the Dawn at me

There is a concentration of thought and power in the poem on "Birth" that tempts

God thoughts A million blazing worlds were wroughts God will'd: Earth rose while all Creation thrill'di God spoke: And in the Garden love awokel God smiled: Lo, in the mother's arms a child.

The new work, like its predecessor "On Life's Stairway," is published by Dana Estes and Company and contains some ninety poems, mainly lyrical in character concerned with love, religion, patriotism and the problems of human experience.

"Sœur Marie," by Mary Randal Shipley, is a story of considerable length written in | not with the inferences and the philosophy blank verse, which is the attempt of a the author derives from her comparisons, woman to give an answer to the questions | but he cannot but he pleased with her inof the soul. The author of the book has telligent talk about art and the appreciasolved the problem that she sought to ex- | tive description of works often outside the plain, so far as she personally is concerned, beaten path. The pictures are good, for she died eight years ago. To the world So much stress is put nowadays of in general the poem reveals nothing English and French explorations of America illuminating or hitherto unknown concern-

ing the soul and its attributes or destiny. be thrown into the background. Probably "Sœur Marie" was a sweet, strong woman, | boys do not read Prescott as much as they a member of a community of women with used to. It was well worth while, therelofty ideals, who had a retreat on one of fore, for Mr. Charles Morris to add a the lakes in Wisconsin named after the famous Persian Queen Vashti. The members of the Vashti community were under J. B. Lippincott Company. Here we have no religious vows, but were devoted to good | not only Cortez and Pizarro and Balboa, minds, all of which may be studied in the works as a panacea for past sorrows. As but Morgan with his buccaneers and Bolivar, a work of literature the book is lacking in the liberator, and Walker the filibuster. poetic feeling, dramatic power and me- with other exploits coming down to the lodious phrasing.

The press of Fred J. Heer, which is located in the classic city of "Columbus, Hio," has brought out a book by Webster Perit Huntliterature. It is not poetry, it is not prose. does not, according to the writer's fancy and truthen just on day longer—my dear little to the written with the Irish brogue and often written with the Irish brogue and the adaptability of words to find for the manufacture of the manufacture of the poems in this country is one of the written with the Irish brogue and truth.

That American publishers are not be which Moore made melodious. Just why Richard G. Badger should have published the adaptability of words to find for the manufacture of the manufacture of the formation than any—the first are not be which Moore made melodious. Just why Richard G. Badger should have published and truth.

That American publishers are not be which Moore made melodious. Just why Richard G. Badger should have publishing companions. Evidently a "verse book" is a go-as-you-the poems in this country is one of the Red Cross Movement." Arnold the Adaptability of words to find for the Revolution."

The Story of the Red Cross Movement." Arnold the Adaptability of words to find for the Revolution."

The Story of the Red Cross Movement." Arnold the Adaptability of words to find for the Revolution."

The Story of the Red Cross Movement." Arnold the Adaptability of words to find for the Revolution."

The Story of the Red Cross Movement." Arnold the Adaptability of words to find for the Red Cross Movement." A call the Adaptability of to put it, always mindful not to give the be slipped into the pocket. natter the attention that would qualify it to be classed under the head of literary

production or melodious phrasing that will use it to be mistaken for poetry. "Musings and Pastels," by Bert Finck, thor of "Webs" and "Plays," is a book of little poems in prose, epigrammatic reacher finality of conviction about them wegian school, and are more concerned The epigrams are clear, sharp and quotable but lacking in the humor that would make prayer"; "Foolish wives are worse than foolish virgins; their mischief reaches further." are a few among many savings that tempt to quotation. Most beautiful and comprehensive of them is the little petition at the close, "Keep us strong in ur adversity! Keep us sane in our success! Keep us kind amidst our pleasures! In our

misery, keep us just. Mr. Burgess's Fable for Critics. Mr. Gelett Burgess, following the late James Russell Lowell at a very long in-terval, has let himself out on critics and on many of his contemporary authors in a set of quatrains—there are 101 of them as in the original FitzGerald—which he calls "The Rubaiyat of Omar Cayenne" (Frederick A. Stokes Company). Mr. Burgess rhymes easily and in measure, and has ad much practice with the quatrain particularly. If we are not mistaken, the jingle that attracted attention to him was in that form. Here he seems somewhat at odds with the world, or with his digestion, but there is no particular venom or harm in his remarks, though his praise of a latter day minor poet seems more than fulsome. We quote some disjointed speci-

mens of his sarcasm: Harum indeed is gone, and Lady Rose And Janice Meredith, where no one knows; But still the Author gushes overtime. And many a Poet babbles on in Prose.

And we, that now within the Editor's Room Make merry while we have our little Boom, Ourselves must we give way to next month's Set— Girls with Three Names, who know not Who from

And if the Bosh you write, the Trash you read. End in the Garbage Barrel-take no Hee The Book whose praises loud the Critic sang

Is not the one that sells the most, God knows! A certain amount of jeering, a certain amount of truth, a conspectus of the authors and books that are talked about just now, make up Mr. Burgess's skit. It is mildly amusing and, whatever its faults, can plead that it is only a little one.

Other Books. The author of "Life in Sing Sing." by 'Number 1,500" (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis), may be a graduate of the institution up the Hudson. In favor of that

theory are the aggressive, virtuous tone of the man who thinks his imprisonment has wiped out his crime, his bumptious sociological standpoint and various details of time and place from which his identity could be easily ascertained, if it were worth anybody's while, chief among them the statement that he was the originator of the prison newspaper, the Star of Hope. Against it must be reckoned the fact that the book contains nothing that could not be ascertained easily by an outsider interested in the prison, that the impersonal tone takes away the impression of individual experience, and that the praise and blame are mere echoes of sociological essays. Prison life is no doubt monotonous and uneventful, but it is difficult to understand how a person who has undergone the experience and can write so fluently as the author does should have written so uninteresting a story.

A collection of plots of the operas by Mr. Charles Annesley, "The Standard Opera Glass" (Brentano's), appears in a new dition with a preface by Mr. James Huneker. Though amusing, Mr. Huneker's cleverness does not disguise the fact that he has merely glanced at the book he inwith fresh and original fancy, sincerity troduces. There are here nearly 150 opera and depth of sentiment, and with a certain plots told after a fashion, the greate number forgotten or unknown here. I that distinguishes the author as a manly and gifted American singer. There is a touch operas that are heard were described more minutely, with some reference to their chief musical features. The general public that goes to a show and doesn't care particularly for the music will be able to learn from this book, however, what the performance is about, and probably will retain little more memory of it than the summary given here provides.

Some pleasant essays, mostly antiquarian by one who loves the country make up "Old Florence and Modern Tuscany" by Janet Ross (J. M. Dent & Co.; F. P. Dutton & Co.) For the greater part they are reprinted from the English magazines in which they first appeared. The charm of the articles on the Tuscan popular songs and on the vintage and oil making in Tuscany will make the reader regret that the author did not restrict herself to describing the daily life that she has seen so well.

Dealing with the same land comes a new edition of Hope Rea's "Tuscan and Venetian Artists" (J. M. Dent & Co.; E. P. Dutton & Co.), an outcome of the new critical view of Italian art. The reader may agree or

So much stress is put nowadays on the that the romantic Spanish side seems to Cuban war. Mr. Morris's style is not brilliant but he gives the essential facts.

Mr. Edward B. Lent's humorous account of his struggles with rheumatism, "Being ington which is called "A Verse Book," and Done Good," is published in a new, illus-

evidently calls for a new classification in trated edition by the Brooklyn Eagle Press. literature. It is not poetry, it is not prose.

To the series of translations from Paul
The subjects given in its table of contents | Bourget, published by Charles Scribner's include all kinds of homely themes from | Sons, has been added that of one of his "Hard Cider" and "How Butrick Hired the most noted and most disagreeable novels, Pew" to an ambitious effort entitled "Three Voices," which is written in the form of an Bourget as a philosopher and a psychologist ode and sometimes rhymes and sometimes will doubtless admire its profoundness

author may put anything whatever that of "Macaulay's Essays," in six volumes omes into his head about his babies or his issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. They friends or his enemies in any form he likes | are prettily bound, and any volume can

A superficial view of a very broad field will be found in Mr. Charles H. Cochrane's "Modern Industrial Progress" (J. B. Lippincott Company). It is possible that a whole encyclopedia would have been needed to give, even briefly, an adequate account of the myriad of inventions which sayings and short fanciful plays, which the author mentions rather than describes. published by John P. Morton & Co. Even a birdseye view of the many sided The "Musings" have a "Thus saith the advance in a multitude of directions in recent years is extremely interesting and, and an intensely moral purpose. The we should imagine, must lead the reader Pastels have a strongly imaginative quality, to seek for further information regarding elusive and symbolio as to meaning and the matters that especially interest him, intention, which suggests, the modern Nor- if he is not wholly bewildered. The book will have its use for reference, too, though with the spirits of the wood and the rain. it might have been improved by more with mysterious and supernatural visions. | method in arrangement or by a fuller inthan with the wholesome, natural emotions | dex. It is irritating to think how extremely and incidents of normal human beings, useful it would have been if accuracy and definite statement had been the author's aim, instead of a "popular" presentation. them popular. "Lack of appreciation is the There are many illustrations, some good, banner of fools"; "Longing is the soul at but many of the less important pasts of machines. Of what use is a representation of the external cover when the whole point of an invention lies in the internal mecha-

Many historical discourses delivered from his pulpit on sundry occasions by the Rev. Dr. David Gregg when pastor THE LAW of the LAND

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HON, JOSEPH C. S. BLACKBURN. Senator from Kentucky, says: "The author of 'The Law of the Land' is forceful in maintaining his contention as to the unfitness of the negro for the political duties with which he had been suddenly charged."

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of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian of Llanthony." The Baroness de Bertouch. (E. P. Church in Brooklyn appear under the title "When Yellow Jasmine Blooms." Alice J. Cal-"When Yellow Jasmine Blooms." Alice J. Calhoun. (The Neale Publishing Co.)
"A Complete and Practical Method of the Solesmes Plain Chant." The Rev. P. Suithertus Birkle.

"When Yellow Jasmine Blooms." Alice J. Calhoun. (The Neale Publishing Co.)
"A Complete and Practical Method of the Solesmes Plain Chant." The Rev. P. Suithertus Birkle.

"S. B. adapted by Arnold Lemaistre. (Joseph F. Wagner, New York.)
"The Busy Life." The Rev. Charles Wagner.
(J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.)
"The Griffing." Mary Stuart Young. (The Neale

D. D. (E. B. Treat & Co.). These are adbenevolent societies of all kinds, and while some few may be of interest to each of several societies, the rest can affect them

William Arnold Stevens and Ernest Dewitt Burton. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Dear Fatheriand." Ex-Lieut. Bilse. (John Lane. The Bodley Head.) very little. The chief value of the book consists in brief historical accounts of various organizations.

The first part of an elaborate "History of the Library of Congress," by Mr. William ard G. Badger, Boston.) Dawson Johnston, covers the years from 1800 to 1864 (Government Printing Office, Washington). It was the formative and G. Badger.) period during which the library underwent many vicissitudes from fire, political interference and other causes. The story is told minutely and is supported by much documentary material. Unusual interest attaches to Volume 18 of the "Official Records of the Union and

Confederate Navies in the War of the Re-(Government Publication Office, Washngton), for the period it covers includes Farragut's passage of the forts on the Mississippi, the capture of New Orleans and the operations against Vicksburg.

Books Received.

"Corner Stones." Katharine Burrill. Œ. P. Dut-"Tibby." Rosetta Luce Gilchrist. (The Neale Publishing Co.)
"A Treatise on the Incorporation and Organization of Corporations." Thomas Gold Frost, LL. D., (Little, Brown & Co.)

Ph. D. (Little, Brown & Co.)
"The Life of Father Ignatius, O. S. B., The Monk

PUBLICATIONS.

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The Political Economy of Humanism " New edition. Henry Wood. (Lee and Shepard)
"Memorial of Mary Elizabeth Sargent." (Privately printed at the De Vinne Press.) "A Sky Panorama." Emma C. Dulaney. (Rich

"Echoes," Elizabeth H. Rand. (Richard G. Badger. Heart Lines." Frank A. Van Denburg. (Rich-"Memories." Kathleen A. Sullivan. (Richard G. Badger.)
"Poems." Annie M. L. Clark. (Richard G. Bad-

n R. Jenkins, New York.) El Cautivo de Doña Mencia. Juan Valera. dited by R. Diez de la Certina. (William R Jenkins.)
"A Check List of Foreign Newspapers in the bellion," edited by Mr. Charles W. Stewart | Library of Congress." (Government Printing Office, Washington.)
"Papers of James Monroe." Edited by Worth.

> Office, Washington.)
>
> "The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne." 6 vols. (Harpers.) e vols. (Harpers.)
>
> "Expression in Singing." John Howard. Edited
> by Theodore Drury. (No imprint.)
>
> "Hath God Cast Away His People?" A. C. Gaebelein. (Gospel Publishing House, New York.)

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